



I would like to introduce my grandma, **Erzsébet Fóthi**, from now on, let's just call her „**mama**”. Her parents were Erzsébet Mészáros and Alexander „Béla” Várady, office-workers. You can see them on the first photo.

Fóthi Erzsébet



Mama's mother forced her to attend an apprentice school. They found a **cannery school in Diószeg**, which ended with a final exam like in grammar schools, and it took four years. However, after finishing the first grade, the school became just an apprentice school, so mama never had a **school-leaving exam**.

She wanted to transfer to a chemical school, and everyone was admitted, except the three children from Oroszka., because the boss of the sugar factory in Oroszka didn't sign the declaration of transferring the students to that school. He didn't want to lose potential workers. His idea came true, mama started to work there in the **sugar factory**. She didn't have a physical work to do, like the others, because she was the maister woman, she worked as a secretary in an office.



In 1946, the parents had to move from Oroszka, where they lived, because the **deportations of Hunagian minority** in the newly – formed Czechoslovakia **begined**. Someone informed her father, Alexander, in secrecy, that they are on the row, tomorrow they will have to pack their most important belongings and move to the Czech Republic. That night my mama's **family crossed the border** at Szalka on a wooden cart. Mama's parents got job in a village in Hungary, they leaded a shop. Mama was born there in Bonyhádvarasd **in 1947**. You can see her with my great-grandmother and their house. Mama's uncle returned home from Russian captivity, but he didn't dare to go home to Czechoslovakia, so he also lived with mama's family. They had a big house with a little brook in front of it. Mama's father used to visit their home in Oroszka, he had to sneak across the border every time.

In May 1953, all the deported families were allowed to go home to Czechoslovakia, so mama's family also went **home to Oroszka**. Mama's three younger sisters were born there.

In the first grade of elementary school, in **1953**, when **Stalin died**, the small children were forced to stand next to a coffin which symbolized the big Russian dictator's death. There were the Russian, Czechoslovakian and the black flag hung, and the children, including my grandmother had to wear formal dresses, for they were **pioneers**. Sometimes they had to watch Russian war films, it was compulsory for them, such as drawing the communistic state symbols and teaching the smaller children poems about communism for ceremonies and performances.

In 1956, when the **Hungarian revolution** broke out, at mama's school the students collected boxes full of pencils, exercise books, pens for Hungarian children. Who wanted, could put her or his contact in it. After the revolution mama and **Anci**, who got the box, started to correspond with each other. They even used to spend summers together! Since then, they think about the other as if they were siblings.



Mama and my grandfather, „**papa**”, **Kálmán Fóthi** got married in **1968**. They lived in Párkány, where papa's grandparents had a house few decades ago. Papa's mother wrote letters to the ministry, to give back their confiscated house. Finally, they could move there, they repaired the old house. Papa worked there as a **butcher**. My uncle and my mom were born there in Párkány.

After a few years they had to move house, because the **whole row of houses was evicted by the government**, so they moved to a **tiny flat**.

A few years later they moved to **Bény**, because my grandpa got a stomach disease, he went under a surgery as well. They got a new job by the state- at that time everyone worked under the government, in „**štátny majetok**”.

They were **unemployed after 1993**, so mama started to work at the **local school**. Until they became pensioners, they both worked at the school.



With my family, we often visit them in Bény, where also me and my siblings grew up. I love my grandparents and I'm so glad to know their exciting life story! I'm thankful for being their grandchild.

Anna Molnár